

# The Pascagoula Democrat-Star

BY F. K. MAYERS & M. A. DEES.

"PEACE, GOOD WILL AND PROSPERITY TO ALL MANKIND."

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## AS A MISSIONARY.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"I should like to do something to help the missionaries," said Amy Peake.

Times were dull in the store, just then. Purple strings were drawn tightly—pockets were buttoned up to correspond. The vague intangible shadow of a coming "panic" overhung the commercial world—and Mr. Moneybags, of the firm of Moueymint & Makecash was talking of discharging half a dozen or so of his assistants.

Amy Peake, the prettiest and the brightest of them all, had just sold a pair of castor-beaver gloves to an old gentleman, and was now thoughtfully replacing the stock in trade on the shelves. She was a blue-eyed lassie, with black, wavy curls, lips as red as holly-berries, and a pretty, round nose, just the least bit turned up at the end, in an inquiring sort of way, that was, to say the least, bewitching.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Wigson, who had had the small-pox, and whose light-blue eyes didn't look the same way. "You'd a deal better help yourself! If you take care of number one, you're certain that one person is taken care of."

"That is a narrow and selfish theory!" said pretty Amy indignantly.

"Well, I'm narrow and selfish," said Miss Wigson. And so will you be, when you have lived as I have! What can I have the pleasure of showing you?" to a yellow-faced lady in a seal jacket and diamonds as big as peas.

But Amy revolved these things in her mind.

"Are you really in earnest my child?" asked old Mr. Day, the nearsighted, white-haired, kindly-mannered old clergyman, who had escorted her, as a babe, and catechized her from time immemorial.

"Of course I'm in earnest," said Amy.

"Because," said the old man, thoughtfully, "I've heard of a vacancy that wants a filling. But it's at the very bottom of the ladder, Amy—a menial position, which—"

"Nothing is menial in the details of missionary life," said enthusiastic Amy.

"It's the Reverend Briggs Badgett," said Mr. Day. "He is going to Madagascar on a special mission to the heathen—"

"Oh, that is glorious!" cried Amy, with kindling cheeks and eyes.

"And he wants a help."

"A help?"

"Well, my dear, to put it in plain English," said the old man, "I suppose it means a servant maid. He has written to me to know if I can recommend a meek-spirited, efficient young woman, who would not shrink from the path of duty, however thorny it might prove."

"The very thing!" cried Amy.

"And as for servants—we are not all the servants of one Master? Yes, I'll go to Madagascar—that is, if the Reverend Mr. Badgett will take me. Since poor mamma died, there is nothing on earth to keep me in one place more than another. But what sort of a person is this Reverend Briggs Badgett?" with a little natural curiosity.

"I don't know, my dear," said Mr. Day. Our communications have been carried on entirely by letter, and I shouldn't know him if I were to meet him to-morrow face to face. But I saw Mrs. Briggs Badgett once—a pretty little old lady, with white curls and a face like a winter apple."

"I'll go!" said Amy, promptly. "I can sew, cook, wash and iron; and whatever I can't do I shall be glad and willing to learn."

"That's the right spirit, my dear beamed Mr. Day.

"How soon will my services be required?"

"At once so my correspondent says."

"Then I'll go at once," said Amy. "Please give me the address."

Mr. Briggs Badgett was sitting alone in his shabby furnished little study, before a meagre fire, drinking a cup of semi-cold tea—for the landlady didn't think it worth her while to put herself out for a lodger who was so soon to emigrate to Madagascar.

He was a slender, pleasant-faced young man with dark, pensive eyes, a silky beard, and features that betokened a delicacy of character and extreme refinement. And, as he sat there, he was mentally taking himself to task, in that his heart should fail at the very outset of the career he had most coveted ever since he graduated from theological institute.

"Alone!" soliloquized Mr. Briggs Badgett. "Of course I must go alone. What right have I to expect anything else? It is for me, one of the humblest workers in my Master's vineyard, to pick and

choose how, when and where I am to be employed! And—"

Just here came a soft, little flutter at the door. Mr. Briggs Badgett paused and listened.

"It's my landlady's cat," said he. "Poor thing! I'm almost sorry that I made a pet of her. She'll be lonesome when I am gone; and, perhaps, on the whole, it may be better for me to let her in."

Tap, tap, tap! Again came the hesitating, uncertain sound.

"My landlady's cat never made noise like that!" cried the Reverend Briggs Badgett, much marvelling. And he rose up, set down the cup of lukewarm tea and opened the door.

There stood a pretty young woman in a brown hood, edged with fur, a brown quilted sash, and a face like a rosebud, all blushes and sparkles.

"Does the Rev. Mr. Badgett live here?" asked Amy.

"That's my name," said the reverend gentleman.

"If you please, sir," said Amy, feeling an instantaneous sensation of thrill down to her heart, "Mr. Doremus Day sent me here. The young person, sir—the help."

"Oh!" said Mr. Badgett. "Be so good as to walk in. Yes, exactly."

And Mr. Badgett took up the poker and put it down again, in some embarrassment.

"Did he think you would suit?" said he.

"Yes, sir," said Amy. Here is his letter."

And Mr. Badgett unfolded the letter and read:

"Dear Brother Badgett: Allow me to introduce to you, Miss Amy Peake, a truly worthy and industrious young female, who I think can scarcely fail to suit you in the way mentioned. Yours truly, DOREMUS DAY."

Mr. Briggs Badgett folded up the letter again, and looked helplessly at the poker, as if for further inspiration.

"It's a very important step that you are taking, Miss Peake," said he.

"Please don't be so ceremonious, Mr. Badgett," brightly interposed Amy. "Call me by my name—Amy. Oh, yes, of course it is important; but I've fully made up my mind to it."

"You are young?" said Mr. Badgett.

"I can be all the more useful," said Amy.

"You look—excuse me," stammered the young clergyman—"but you look delicate."

"Indeed, I am quite well and strong," said Amy, "and I understand all the branches of housework, and I really think I can suit you."

"But—your friends?"

"I have no friends who will miss me much," said Amy, speaking with a dew in her eyes and a little quiver in her voice. "Henceforward, my mission will be all to me."

"I wish I could have seen a little more of you," said the Rev. Briggs Badgett. All this is rather sudden, you know."

"Everything is sudden—just at the last," said Amy, cheerily. "You need have no fears, sir; I am certain that I shall suit you."

He held out his hand with a bright smile.

"Well spoken, Amy!" said he. "There is an electricity in your look and voice that encourages me in a most marvelous degree. But I desire you to think it well over before you decide."

"My decision was made the first hour that Mr. Day mentioned your name to me," said Amy Peake.

"Strange—very strange!" said Mr. Badgett, instinctively stroking his brown silk beard. "And you really think, young woman—Miss Peake, I mean—Amy, I would say—that you will bear all the hardships and difficulties incident to the life of a missionary's wife?"

"Of a what?" questioned Amy, not quite certain she had heard aright.

"Of a missionary's wife," solemnly repeated Mr. Badgett.

"Oh! whose wife?" asked Amy.

"Of my wife!"

Amy rose to her feet, blushing like a Jacqueminot rose.

"I never dreamed of this!" said she. "Mr. Day told me that you wanted a help."

"A help-meet," gravely explained the young clergyman.

"But Mrs. Briggs Badgett?"

"Eh?" said Mr. Badgett.

"A little old lady with silver curls and a fresh complexion," faltered Amy. "Mr. Day said he had seen her."

"That was my mother," said the missionary elect. "She died a year since—God bless her sweet soul! Had she been with me still, I should have needed no one to hold up my weary hands or cheer my solitary hours."

Amy put both hands over her scarlet face.

"Oh, how could Mr. Day make such a blunder?" she cried.

"I'm afraid it was partly my own fault," said the young man. "My handwriting is apt to be illegible, at times, and I can easily conjecture how the word 'help-meet' could be construed to mean 'help-maid.' I—I'm very sorry, Miss Peake!"

"What must you think of me?" faltered the girl.

"I think you are a very sweet-looking young woman," said the missionary, gaining courage; "and you seem very much in earnest. And I don't see why you can't be my helpmeet in good earnest. It is true that we have not known each other long; but we have each Mr. Day's kind recommendation, and I am not positively disagreeable to you—"

"Oh, I don't dislike you at all!" interrupted Amy, laughing, in spite of herself, at the comicality of the situation.

"Then," said the Reverend Briggs Badgett, "we will send for a college mate of mine, whose parish residence is in the next street, and we'll be married at once."

Amy Peake hesitated.

"But will that be helping the missionaries?" said she.

"It will be helping one particular missionary very much indeed," said the Reverend Briggs Badgett.

"Well—perhaps—if it won't seem so very strange," said Amy.

"Is it yes?" pressed the clergyman.

"I—suppose—so," said Amy.

And, when the ship Eastern Princess sailed for one of the Madagascar ports, containing in her list of passengers the names of "The Reverend Briggs Badgett and wife," few who read the register knew how it had all happened.

## The Colonel.

Memphis Avalanche.

"Colonel" is a military title that is indispensable, especially in the southern part of America. The salutation, "Good morning, Colonel," always meets with a smiling response. It makes not a particle of difference whether a citizen has been in the military line or not. He never fails to respond to the address of "Colonel." "Hello, Colonel!" pronounced in a moderately loud tone of voice on Main street, and every citizen within hearing of the words would respond, thinking himself personally addressed. One reason for the almost universal custom is that the word "Colonel" is easier to pronounce than "Mister—"

And then, in the whirl of business, one forgets sometimes the names of acquaintances, and the handy "Colonel" comes in to supply all deficiencies in that respect, and when once the habit of styling an acquaintance a "Colonel" the habit sticks closer than a brother. Another reason, not to be lightly considered is, that there is just the faintest suspicion of military rank connected with the title. It is true, it is only a bare suspicion. But unless a person has been intimately associated with the "Colonel" for the past twenty years, there will always remain a shred of belief that possibly, in the remote past, the reputed "Colonel" might have seen service at the head of at least a regiment of home guards. Two classes of citizens are, however, wholly exempt, while another class is only partially entitled to receive the honorable title. Doctors and preachers are never called "Colonels," but every lawyer who is not styled a "Judge" is a "Colonel." The right of editors to the title is undisputed, and they are all "Colonels," without exception. With the exception of doctors and preachers, every citizen is liable, some time or other, to be styled a "Colonel." The slightest notoriety of any sort is quite sufficient to convert a very modest and peaceable citizen into a full blown "Colonel." The chairmanship of a ward meeting has been known to make young politician a life-long "Colonel." Another citizen who has come off first best in a tussel with a Monroe street "tiger," has ever after been known as the "Colonel." While it is hard on the real Colonels, who have seen service at the head of regiments, in real war, yet it must be confessed that there would be a big hiatus in this world of military titles, if the word was strictly confined to a designation of those only who are or have been, some time or other, sure enough Colonels.

Judge Billings, sitting as United States circuit judge, has issued an order authorizing the American Union telegraph company to construct a line of wires along the road of the New Orleans and Mobile railroad company, and to take such further proceedings of a legal nature as may be necessary to enable them to do so.

A belle's ante-bellum days are those before marriage.

For the Democrat-Star.

## WINE.

BY DR. SEYMOUR BULLOCK, JR.

The wine! the wine! the ruddy wine, That fills with joy this heart of mine! From fields afar the elixir came, From over the wide and bounding main, From the vine-clad hills of sunny Spain! It came expectant lips to kiss, To wake the soul to mirth and bliss, And the eyes of the maid that stripp'd the vine.

Are seen in each pearly drop that shines! The wine! the wine! the purple wine, Drawn from the clusters of the vine! In the elysian joys I'll seek Till the burning flush is on my cheek, And thoughts come faster than tongue can speak;

In tropic vales of Mexico— In warm, green valleys by the Po— In the jungle shades of Africa's land 'Tis the cheer that gladdens the heart of man!

The warm, South sea hath coral isles Where summer's sun forever smiles; And here the native couch'd at ease In the grateful shade of the tova trees— And tann'd by the constant ocean breeze— Prepares his simple tova wine— The gift to him that seems divine, And his soul in vision fits over the foam, And his coral-begirt home!

The wine! the wine! the crimson wine! I'll quaff thee from this chalice fine, Till in my veins shall course the fire Of Apollo's breath—thy sun-born sire, And my voice in song shall never tire! I'll sing of lands beyond the sea Where grows the palm and olive tree— Where the vintage moon in silver sets To the sound of the clinking canteens!

The wine! the wine! the sparkling wine, Fill to the brim this beaker mine— Oh stay! young man, there's death to thee, There's woe and want thou canst not see! There's a future of shame and misery! Its poison sting is just the same From foreign lands or near it came— From the terrace'd steep that flank the Rhone, Or from California's golden zone!

The wine! the wine! the crystal wine, From pleasant slopes that grace the Rhine! Oh! touch it not, for God hath said That woe shall cover the drunkard's head, And his name be cursed when he is dead! Let not that clear and bright "Moselle" Leave round thy life its fatal spell! West a shade of crime shall cross thy path And an angry God smite thee in wrath! Pascagoula, Miss., May, 1880.

How Wood-Pulp is Made.

Portland (Me.) Press.

So much is said about the paper-pulp which is extensively used in the manufacture of paper, that a brief description of the process of making it will be entertaining. Any white, soft wood may be used. The bark is taken off, the knots and dark and decayed places cut. It is then put into a large cauldron and boiled, which extracts all the glutinous matter and resin, and renders it soft. It is then put on a large stone grinder with water pouring on it all the time. The grindstone wears off the fibres until they are finer than sawdust, which float away into a receptacle. The water is drained off by means of a fuzzi or splinters of wood. It is white and requires no bleaching, but is ready to be mixed with rag-pulp or anything else that has a strong fibre, and receive the proper constituents to make into paste, after which it is run off into paper sheets; whereas rags have to be washed and bleached with chloride of lime, soda ash, and alum, and such strong chemicals, to take out the color. Then they are picked to pieces and made into pulp. The process by which wood-pulp is made is purely mechanical. It can be made cheap—say at about one cent a pound.

Clairborne's History.

Summit Sentinel.

Within about six weeks the subscribers to "Clairborne's History of Mississippi," will have the first volume. It will be intensely interesting, far more so than a novel, and should be in the household of every true-hearted Mississippian. The printers, Messrs. Power & Barksdale, of Jackson, are taking great pains with this work and when it leaves their hands, it will be a credit and honor to their establishment.

When you go into a printing office, if you see any proof sheets on the table, take them up and read them; that's what they are placed there for. If the editor or proprietor is writing an item look over his shoulder and catch the heading, and interview him at length upon the subject. There is nothing an editor delights in more than to stop in the middle of an item and impart to anxious ones the news which will be printed in a few hours. As you leave the office take the exchanges you find on the editors' table. He puts them there for those who call in to see him.—E.

## Plain Talk About Newspapers.

From the Corinth Record.

Did it ever occur to you that when men failed at everything else; they often thought they could successfully run a newspaper? It is true the newspaper man who is born such will rarely ever succeed at anything else; but it has that natural tact and gift for the business, he will rarely postpone a trial of it until he had tried and failed everything else. Of all pursuits, it does seem to me that the newspaper business is overdone or not done at all in this country more than in any other. How some papers are kept up, is surprising to everybody. You look in vain for any news of general interest, but you will find the most trivial incidents in private life paraded in the local columns, and often it is the case that the proprietors will fill a whole column with the incidents of his travel from place to place, stating with whom he staid all night, where he ate dinner, what beautiful and accomplished young ladies he saw, how he swam a creek, and all such silly trash. Their readers are easily pleased if such articles please them. Again everybody who calls is their "old friend" who must have a puff. The average reader regards such sheets as the medium of expression of personal feelings between the editor and his friends. That locals are vital to the success of the paper, I will admit. But they will be such items as would not only interest the readers of the locality but also the general reader if possible. How silly, how ridiculous is it to announce that "our friend" looks happy this morning—it's a tounder and a girl." How coarse it sounds in the ears of refined people! It may be that such stuff pleases the majority of the readers of such sheets, but that makes no difference. It is the mission and duty of a public journalist to seek not only to inform, but to elevate and refine his readers and to write nothing, publish nothing, that causes a blush to mantle the cheek of innocence or to excite disgust in any one. It does seem that of all people, editors should be most careful and watchful as to what food they place before their readers. It is spread before the world, old and young, grey and gay, good and bad, and it makes no difference how well or how badly the paper is edited, it will exert an influence on some minds, either for good or for evil, which perhaps will never be eradicated while life lasts. As far as one is able to judge, a large majority of the editors have made a similar mistake. Editors, like poets, are born, not made, and it makes no difference what may be a man's education, his learning, his information, his personal popularity, if he does not possess the natural gift and tact of the born editor, he will surely fail. A striking illustration of this fact was seen in Ohio many years ago. A learned and eminent judge of great popularity was placed at the head of a leading political paper, in the confident belief that it would prove a success. But the result was it proved a dead failure because the editor was not born such. The truth is that the press is a power in the land and always will be, but its influence has been sadly diminished by the manner in which papers have been conducted. In the end public opinion will rid the country of many of these excrescences, and then good papers will be sustained as they should be. May the time soon come when the tone and temper and talent of the press will be enlisted for the sole purpose of imparting correct information, of upholding the right by calm argument, and by exposing error in a spirit of fairness and without bitterness, and at all times give a reason for the faith that is in them. COMOS.

## The Press Convention.

We think the editor of the Raymond Gazette very sensible in his utterances about outsiders forcing themselves upon the Press association. Men who are in no wise connected with the press should not receive from the officers of the association passes over the roads; nor should they be entertained at the expense of the citizens who invite the Press association to share their hospitalities upon these occasions.—Democrat-Star.

The expressions from the press on this question of issuing certificates of membership to parties who never had any connection with the press, is all one way; and for that reason, and because it is right, certificates will only be issued to old, legitimate members, and persons actually engaged in the newspaper business. Editors and publishers desiring to attend the convention, are requested to confer with the President of the association, as the Secretary has requested him to issue certificates.

The constitution requires an initiation fee of one dollar from each member, and all persons who have not heretofore paid that fee, and who desire to become members, are requested to send the amount when writing for certificates.

The following letter from Col. R. Walpole, proprietor of the Yazoo City Herald, shows that the people of that city are preparing for the meeting of the Press convention. A grand time is in store for all who attend:

R. H. Henry, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR: I am glad to inform you, as president of the association, that our people are actively at work preparing for the reception of the members of the press; and that you will find on your arrival here that nothing has been left undone to make their stay pleasant. An address of welcome will be delivered, as is customary, by a charming young lady of our city.

We will make the best arrangement possible for bringing the members from Vicksburg to this place, so you need not trouble yourself about writing to the local line. Our merchants patronize Parrott very liberally, and of course, have more influence with him than an outside party would.

The members are expected to assemble at Vicksburg on Tuesday morning, June 1st, and take steamer at five o'clock for this place—arriving here next morning, June 2d. Truly and fraternally y'rs, R. WALPOLE.

PASS CHRISTIAN.

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May 30, 1879. 10-17

## THE COURTS.

### REGULAR TERMS.

CIRCUIT COURT—SEVENTH DISTRICT. JAMES R. HAYM, Judge. THOMAS S. FORD, District Attorney.

Lauderdale county, second Monday in February and August, continuing 12 days. Kemper county, first Monday in March and September, continuing 12 days. Clarke county, third Monday in March and September, continuing 12 days.

Wayne county, first Monday in April and October, continuing 6 days. Greene county, second Monday in April and October, continuing 6 days. Perry county, third Monday in April and October, continuing 6 days.

Marion county, fourth Monday in April and October, continuing 6 days. Hancock county, first Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, continuing 12 days.

Harrison county, third Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, continuing 6 days. Jackson county, fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, continuing 12 days.

CHANCERY COURT—7TH DISTRICT. GEORGE WOOD, Chancellor.

Jackson county, first Monday of March and September, continuing 6 days. Harrison county, second Monday in March and September, continuing 6 days. Hancock county, third Monday in March and September, continuing 6 days.

Marion county, second Monday after the fourth Monday in March and September, continuing 6 days. Perry county, first Monday after the fourth Monday in March and September, continuing 6 days.

Greene county, fourth Mondays in March and September, continuing 6 days. Wayne county, fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of March and September, continuing 6 days.

Clarke county, first Monday in May and November, continuing 6 days. Lauderdale county, third Monday of May and November, continuing 12 days. Kemper county, second Monday in May November, continuing 6 days.

Monthly Rules of Chancery Court on the second Monday in each month.

### PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. A. P. Champlin, Biloxi, Miss. Has returned to Biloxi to stay. He tenders his services to the citizens generally.

W. H. McIntosh, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. No. 40 St. Francis St., Mobile, Ala. Will practice in the courts of Jackson county.

R. Seal, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW Mississippi City, Miss. Practices in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

J. W. Tharp, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, No. 11 South Royal street, Mobile, Ala. Will practice in the Circuit and Chancery Courts of Jackson county, Miss., as well as in the courts of Mobile county, Ala. Correspondence solicited.

Dr. W. D. Bragg, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Residence: Moss Point, Miss. Office—Stewart's drug store, Moss Point, and Cox's drug store, Scranton. Will practice at Moss Point, Scranton, the Seashore and vicinity. All calls promptly attended to.

John J. Curtis, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Pass Christian, Miss. Will practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.

Dr. E. Bloomfield, SURGEON DENTIST, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi. Office on Front street, near Dolery's drug store. Will visit all points on the west coast, and attend to all calls from the country.

J. C. Heidelsberg, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery, PASCAGOULA (Jackson county), MISS. Will practice wherever he may have business. Will give special attention to Collections and Chancery business, such as settling estates, examining land titles, and giving legal opinions, "quieting" titles to land, obtaining divorces, etc.

C. E. Chidsey, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Scranton, Mississippi. Will practice in all the courts of the Seventh Judicial District. Office—At Chidsey & Son's drug store.

Seymour Bullock, Jr., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Scranton, Miss. Offers his professional services to the citizens of Scranton and vicinity. Calls promptly attended to. Orders may be left at C. Chidsey's drug store.

C. D. Lancaster, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Pass Christian, Miss. Will practice in the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

C. H. Wood, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Moss Point, Miss. Practices in the Courts of Jackson, Harrison, Hancock, Perry and Greene.

Dr. A. K. Northrop, DENTAL SURGEON, Office at Pass Christian, Miss. Will visit all points upon the Coast, giving notice whenever he moves, at present at Pass Christian.

Roderick Seal, H. Bloomfield, Seal & Bloomfield, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Scranton, Miss. Will practice in all the Courts of Jackson county, Mississippi. Each partner will continue to practice in his individual capacity in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.